Let us be remembered ...

Seventy Five Original Poems
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Let Us Be Remembered

Our lives are but the passage of a moment ...

It is the community that lives and grows and when our last breath, or comments evaporate away, what will our efforts but show?

Will it be the continuation of things monumental -- will our memories live on, live on anew?

Will our words be considered, vital, fundamental?

Will they be whispered even at the edge of doom be stirred or shaken ... be chronicles of amity, ever present in such beauty so expressed that they live on forever in posterity.

Given a choice between what's worst or best,

Let's be remembered ... ask not what we can do

Let's be remembered ... ask not what we can do for you ... but what you can do for us.

Towards Eros, Lost and Found

Those Eros lost and found

And errors in a sorted life

Skirt you disaster here and there

Set thee coarse course, towards the dusk!

Led on by vesper's star

Sparkled against heaven's bent

Thrust upon the shallows, new spent

The shoals, the shawls, the gaule.

And when her hull is split

And Neptune's picturesques set in

Her boat shall float anew

awash with briny life

The flotsam will not come

Ere months and months on end

Instead a hull, new launched

Shall slip, then push ... then crawl

To splash into the dawn

And in its time set sail

The morning star, its future bound

Towards Eros, lost and found

From Behind the Moon

The moon ... the half moon appears from behind its pink, silky cloud Little by little, it opens up one quarter here, the other full across Then it rises slowly Hiding, sly ... and shy from behind the moon This little man ... the boy in her moon rises and peeks out She feels happy and wants to play It is her lunacy.

A Soft Carpel from Which it Sips

The bee rubbed its abdomen into the rich and succulent Pollen, in complete abandon in ecstasy, its thorax bent. Rich nectar oozing from its tip. It is delirious with its joy, a portulent aft its nip, but snatched up, no mere boy. Its grand stinger's unsheathed all rubbed raw but never used. This cautious pointy beast keeps himself busily amused. His Nessus – a pink tulip broad and unopened, a soft carpel from which it sips. Here's its stellation and its loft. Nothing will bother this bee not light, nor push, nor sway It peers at all it sees a thousand times its way. Ah, this is its place Here's its fuzz, its perch where it dances in its daze bares all in orgasmic lurch. Oh, but if you poke your nose

unwelcomed in its private lair if by chance you get too close watch out – its best bee wary.

Towards Uncharted Shores

She made me wonder about her secret collections of things dainty, pink and orange lace that fit her mood or place

Her Bikini Atoll ... flowered like loud Hawaiian shirts
Then one day she wore a flowing purple skirt

She set sail from Maui towards fabled shores bright flowers and petals billowing, fragrant in the breeze

She knew her hold, then it dawned on me ... the feeling of knowing yet setting away with it

This gave me a pleasure
I never thought possible
She knew that too
... the pleasure that is

The languid sailing
Waves like white elephants
afloat at our small table
amongst the coffee set

We sailed away together Around the sugar cubes and spoiled spoons the empty cups too.

We have spirited Venus to pilot us towards uncharted shores as happy as we are.

Oh Well - They Are Enough

Admittedly, they are quite small
Twin curiosities at best
deceptions that belie their age
the true, the time ... the test

I am not scared of them
But are they scared of me?
They sometimes poke or peak
then hide away you see.

They intrigue, these chirlish twos that never grew, mere hills short shrift, perhaps beneath the bill but then again ... so what

With time, they'll remain the same when other mighty mountains slough if ever needed they'll grow again

As such – oh well – they are enough.

The Key Cannot Unlock You

It's the pull

The measure of all things

You can't escape it

it's always there

Just when you think

You are alone

It bobs its head

to says I'm here

But you are there

at an unfair distance

The key cannot

unlock you

It jangles

on its chain

It's the pull

its here again.

On Viewing Klimt's Danae for the First Time

It was hard-on the first view not to imagine a story behind the painting. It was in Klimt's studio that they first met a pfenning muse amongst the amusing naked models – tall ones, short ones, chubby ones, some bosoms more bountiful than others, thin ones too, some too young to admit, no hags or rags here, just beautiful women waiting to be immortalized. There were blondes, brunettes and red heads – Gustav loved red heads – her name was Molly and she was a dish. It was not just the hair on her head he adored, but the fiery red in that other private place that fixated his amorous loins and drove his art, much more than his heart. He sketched her, then mollified her in a painting of divine rape – if there was such a thing. For no longer was

Gustav a mere artist but a God, And she not a mere moll but a diva. Between her loins he set the molasses Of him, for it could not be golden Given his sickly state – Vienna Had been too kind to him! But no matter, she felt mollitious, having dashed from one state of bliss to another across Europa. She was, after all, a plain and simple woman – but Gustav painted her with mollescent divinity, he her Jupiter and she soon to give life to their Perseid, a star that fell from heaven, a daughter. His love towards her was mollitious, for he was after all a mollusk. While she was with child Jupiter was off with Venus, in some other sacred place. But Danae was used to being mollycoddle and so coddle her he did, her and their mollymawk, red hair as well.

As I stood before this painting

It was hard-on viewing Klimt's Danae

For the first time – not to fall
Completely and utterly in love,

And wonder what became of them both ...

Oh Dorothea!

She pulled her simple dress off her body and over her head.

For a second her bare breasts hung, pears to be plucked. Then down her soft dark locks fell, a curtain hiding her lush fruit.

There was an eagerness – her tell – a hunger for a brute

And I saw her pink panties too, crumpled moist and rucked well into the best of her dainty morsel! Do I have such luck! I look around the room, her place, the curious bed, a cross on the wall, the doom of the crucifixion and of dread.

A heavy pet just wasn't enough now she's putting me to the test and after all of that bluff it's only human I guess.

She unbuckles my belt, flicks her hair off her teats, and asks me how I felt!

Now we've got to do it

she says and tugs down my pants
and all with such speed and skill
that the best of me is now at hand
yet her panties linger, cunneate still
- cunning girl – you've got to do it,
She pleads, and the opening act
begins, off comes the last of my kit.
She grabs at me – we tumble into the sack.

She smothers me, her breasts soft flesh against my lips, milk gushes hot, salty and sweet. It is her love that's in her taste, her lust. She tries to rush us but I just suckle, utterly, a calf to a heifer. And so her pears become pomegranates. She presses hard against me, with effort I could breathe, she takes my life for granted.

I pull her hair. She lifts her head.

I take in a mouth full of air,
the room spins, is it me or her? The bed
rocks – it's her expectation – still her pair
of panties stay on. It is just too much!
She brushes against me, my eyes plead
She stares past me – she wants to push

She really wants us to do the deed.

Me! I am content to wait a bit longer. She less so, that I know, but I am happy to feast at her tit and let the best of me stand and grow. I could feel her through the cloth, silk, soft and moist – was it her or me. I thought, what is it she really sought? There was only one thing to do but see.

I let my hand creep along her back, down into her panties. Her skin was cold and soft, a babe's bottom. Ah her rack such feminine flesh ... were I so bold I would tear the cloth off her. She squirts more milk into my mouth. I squeeze her plumpness, kitty purrs and starts to thrash about.

I open my mouth wide and suck

Her into me. I gulp her fullness —
exquisite jello — she starts to buck,
her chest glows warm like a furnace.

She wants to strip. I hold on
to her panties. Now she is the one
to wait. She thinks she's won

but it is I who now have the fun.

She reaches down and grabs me, but not the point but the rung.

She squeezes. I close my legs. See I can't wait. I tickle with my tongue. She jingles me. Oh my god, my god, my god, I bare my teeth.

She snarls and by and by she's now all bare beneath.

I have no idea what I am doing.

She knows this – her breasts I push

From my mouth – her lips spring

to mine. I feel her curls brush

and tickle me. She moves down, I up.

We touch ... her sex and mine .., it's exquisite.

What other way can this be described, cup

and saucer, the milk has been served. Is this it?

I move up – she moves away.

I grab her hips. She locks her knees.

I'm pinned! No not yet she says.

With me she can do as she please

And so she does. Cunnus forth and back.

She swings her hips and I keep time.

My pendulum swings back and forth,

My sack swings full of nickles and dimes.

She gushes, she floods, we kiss
Her breasts press full against my chest
She moves down, but somehow we miss.
She seems to know what's best
For both of us. Not Yet! My eyes focus
on the cross, while along her I slip.
Oh my god, my god, my god. She sighs
lovingly. I'm in the groove – this is it!

The best of her tickles the best of me. What perfection! We stop suddenly, as if it were time to rest, but it is the feel of it. This can't be topped.

I can feel her pulse, she throbs,
Oh my god, my god, my god. Is this it?

I want to thrust but she fobs.

Entranced ... aroused ... by the swinging of her tits.

She starts to giggle with such glee
I start to giggle and jiggle too.
Now it's time! She unpins me
but I am not ready. What to do?
I'm scared – boys and their toys,
don't often play. Mine are brand new,
...unrapped. She knows this. I play coy

She bares down. Past her I flew.

A slip, sliding moment. It's lush!

She's annoyed with me – impatient in fact

All I can think to do is well ... blush.

She bares down, but I pull back.

She chases me to and fro – seeking

to hide me away. She grabs the head

and guides me. My eye blind, a voyeur peeking

at the unworldliness of it, here in bed.

How do they know to do this? These girls do they learn this at some secret school?

Such precious wisdoms ... such perfect pearls in the throws of her lust, she keeps her perfect cool then slowly – oh so slowly her secondo lips kisses the best of me. I dare not move.

Young pups don't know about such tricks!

It depends on what they try to prove.

She brings her legs together and squeezes tight.

Oh my god, ... my God ... My God!

She smiles in rapture. It is too much for me fight
I bring my legs together too ...

what else am I to do?

She parries, I thrust ...

Stop!

She wraps her hand round me

hoping to stem the flow,

But it was too late ...

its in

Oh Dorothea!

She For Her Art, And Me For Her

We made love —
she with her f-stop
and me with my body,
caressed by the camera
angles and apertures.
She was an artist,
and I her model and muse.
Hot blood rushed
through our bodies
and love, she for her art,
and me for her as well.

Oh ... Hell

He looked at me and said, ah poor boy, with her eyes. She knew I wanted Her. It was too much to look into her eyes and see the play she had with me. I was awash in a sea saltine, crackers, the match stick had been struck. The dynamite was about to blow. Then she puckered her lips, and blew me a kiss.

Oh ... hell!

We Are All Fortune's Fools

This voice that quickens and strains, battles against the howling wind, against the onset of all that ails, and all that pains.

This stolen season, of beauty and of youth begets but disappointment – time marches on –

for all, be they kings or paupers, queens or concubines,

Death is not a battle that can be won

by such a thing as us. How can we find solace in the fragility of our soul?

That which helps us sleep, all that makes us grave is also that that which makes us bold.

Our hearts it beats away the hours and the days.

It holds all ecstasy and all strains, until one day this voice, it too speaks no more.

We are all fortune's fools!

It Fits Your Fancy

If you want it — grab it. It's there for you. It fits your fancy, for where else could it be so bare? It's art n'est ce pas? See it knows — this part that set's the mood, the model, the muse, is for you. Soon the moment will lose its magic — then what?

Brain Fungus

What kunts understand them?
Their ersatz kunst and Kultur
The empress has no clothes!
Masses go down on them
as if they really understand
but they really don't.
It is subterfuge all around,
nothing — that is their lives!
Convulsive contrasts, the little lies
the big deaths, - unprepared for life,
no adventures, no taste
Harry is a pot — brain fungus!
Just printed flowers
on the wall paper that
wraps their hearts.

The Kind, The Gentle, The Soft

Only in my dreams
does she live in my life.
The realness of it – seems
that she is my wife.
The kind, the gentle, the soft,
the mother of my children, and
someone who does lift
me up every time I stumble.
She smiles and lights up
our world. Her breasts
sustains our children, and I.
No life is in the balance –
she doesn't storm barricades.
She is happy in her own life –
sadly she is not in mine.

Splendour Conceals Itself

Shut my eyes and count down from ten.

Ten – we are together, all alone, she and I

Nine – I open my eyes, she leans forward

Eight – I kiss her, she kisses me in back

Seven – we are in a passionate embrace

Six - I am struggling with her buttons, she mine

Five – her clasp pops open, splendour reveals itself

Four – our body warmth heats the room

Three – my shirt, pants and are all, she grabs me

Two – next her blouse, skirt and panties, I grab her

One – flesh on flesh, she snatches me up

Eros – oh, oh, oh, splendour conceals itself.

At The Edge of Ideas

Life falls into idle patterns! The sun rises, is overhead, then sets. We are born, grow up, grow old. Do we die if we have done art or wrote poetry, prose or short stories? I live in the middle of the night when I know the rest of the world sleeps – while I scribe, and therefore am. I sometimes wake, as if in a dream to see that life is not what seems – My dreams tell me so; two plus two is one-one (base three) and 69 is an even number ... as appetites go. Here I am at the edge of ideas. Then I stare at the clock and time slows to a stop, and before I know it life once again falls into gentle patterns. Time for coffee, breakfast, busy-busy. The sun rises, the rain falls -I owe, I owe, it's off to work I go. It's all checkers!

The Day I Became a Man

With a swing of his hips

Patrick began to strip

To tremendous applause
he took off his drawers ...

And began his gig

to classical music it was
Gabriel's Oboe, from wig

to wigeon, Yo Yo Ma

Cello! They had never seen such a thing!

It sent them into fever

The Artist Model

A swing from love to lust – wow!

They loved it – right down to the red feather, slow deliberate and now ...

I let the feather drop ...

There's not a dry
pair of panties in the flop
the boys are hard too!

Try to top that!

They can't ... I win

The hearts of everyone

in the place – Burlesque!

This was the Day I became a man; P

What Am I Doing Wrong?

It's Saturday night and I'm home alone, Fine wine, deluxe pizza, and an action flick. It's Thunderball – James Bond. I've no place to park my prick. I should be out and enjoying life to its fullest, chasing skirts, flirting, making babies, but I am not. What strife, my loneliness, it's really hard and hurting me. I'm tipsy and my bottle's empty. The film's all but over. And it is not yet nine. What am I doing wrong? Other men are getting more out of life – their cats meow ... Damn maybe it is because I am a bore, maybe I don't know how to stroke the cat's fur – my pussies don't purr. This cat's not even on the prowl – growl.

As The Children Go Off To Play

Such a screech as this would annoy me at any other place or time, but here

Amidst the swings, and childish things, the screech heralds a symphony of happiness.

Back and forth
they play on this
their sunny day
... oh to be a little boy again!

The jungle jims and jills, their treasures little hills of sand and sound, of falling down

And getting up again unharmed, to clamber off to oh so distant places in their make believe.

And the xylophone playing those sounds like angels serenading the day, as the children go off to play.

What is a Man to Do?

She wore her dress
Like a seraphim
Dresses the moon –
Velvet soft and stylish too.

What is a man to do
But wonder how perfection
Is so natural to her air
As an angel's loving fair.

And the Wind Carried Her Words

The words she shared wrote happiness in the air.
A poetess at heart, she wrote of love in her own way and in her own words

And the wind carried her words across the night, across the water too, and the moon smiled at her loveliness.

Between Two Who Love

${\cal EROS}_{-}$ her name

arouses that which
only softness and
intimacy can bring
between two who love,
who know each other's
inner parts, their hearts,
their hopes, their dreams,
their loneliness too, and
know to kiss and hold
each other closer still.

I'm Heming My Way Through Life

Yes, I am a lush
The bottles lined up
Next to my door
Tells you so, but I
Am a good lush.

I giggle when I drink,

The wine helps me when I think.

My written words flow – a bottle of wine

Lets me feel oh so very fine.

I cut out the patterns of ideas

And stitch together my thoughts

And I'm earnest in my words too

I'm heming my way through life.

On The Sixth Day at the Sixth Hour

God made women's breasts

To make us men envious ...

For nothing is so soft nor so mystically magical, nothing shaped so perfectly as those proud reminders that we all come from a divine place and are gifts from God.

Women's breasts were created on the sixth day at the sixth hour – and afterwards

God stopped to ponder – she had won an award for the creation of woman, and their beautiful breasts.

Oh Please Do!

Two lips,
soft and inviting
as velvet as
a rose is soft
and beautiful

I kissed her and she said oh kiss me again ... oh please do!

And so I did and she smiled warm inside ... velvety warm.

Hither ... Thither

wend away as you say

hither may she to thither me

Sometime

Pizza and wine .. sometime?

Knock on my door, sometime.

Knock on your floor, sometime

Come up and see me sometime

Psychology in a Nutshell!

```
psychology
a psychology
as pyro cholo gy
as yo lol orgy
asy trol ogy
as ytro logy
astrology
```

Psychology in a nutshell!

Please Stop Scribbling ... Please ...

What is a poem but a set of ideas bracketed by a start a middle, and an end.

Scribe ergo sum ...

And you read it! And say – what nonsense.

Its purpose is to make you think ... you understand.

But you don't! Rubbish you say all rubbish

Please stop scribbling please ...

Can You Guess?

```
Why are you looking at me like that?
      Have you never seen a penis before?
No ... May I?
      Be gentle ... don't pull. Ummm
What a boy toy! Why are you looking at me like that?
      You're so hidden away.
Here give me your hand
      What ... is that?
Have you never touched a girl before?
      No ...
It's a girl toy ...
      May I?
```

Be gentle ... don't pinch. Ummm

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And what are these?
Breasts, gentle ... they're my boys ...
      Oh ... my god, they are so soft!
You don't have them, 'cause boys don't make babies.
      ... but girls do! And what's this?
Can you guess?
      Its smiling at me ...
It's my vagina. This is where babies come from ...
      may I touch?
ee i'm
      It's as soft ... as pink velvet.
... cc coming.
      Wow!
```

Does Deus Exist?

is
theos
apo

Apotheosis

tical
dic
apo

Apodictical

Does
Deus
Exist?

Apo deus est

Esoteric

Bump	Grind
Tease	Toss
Peal	Pop
Quiff	Quaff
Nympho	Mania
Burl	Esque
Es	oteric.

By the Phallaxy of it All

Each day
a hundred Christians die
at the hands of Islamists.

Each week
a dozen churches are
destroyed, or desecrated

Each month countless women are raped, or their fancies shorn from them by the phallaxy of it all.

Each decade
more and more millions suffer
grievously at the hand of Islamists.

More than all the people that I have met, or can even remember.

Who will mourn for the dead or care for the maimed And who will remember them?

Like swine led to slaughter,

the ham in a sandwich, all that is missing is the yellow star

Robbed of their lives their homes, their long history; all that are missing are the crematoria.

It is one word
... and one word only
HiAsTlRaEmD ...

A Tongue Twister - Starlings

The small singing starlings were startled.

Poor startled singing starlings!

Standing Male Artist Model

Six long hours like this, buck bare undraped. Branch and berries hanging there, for all to see, for a few dollars, a pauper's fare ... but being destitute, how can I care?

In atelier, standing in the cold fading light, the artists drinking Pinot Gris ... all rather tight the women say of me, the shadow's right it hides your face, but shows your might.

They stare ... more to the right ... stay still ...

They like the best of me when it comes alive – the pill!

Their melodrama drains me. It makes me ill

Do I not stand here against my will?

They like me 'cause I'm really hung akin the statue David, Michelangelo's Crumb. They sketch me as old Rodin's done his models ... their fancies in the air all flung.

Like some gigantic orgy. Ingres could not do better ... and my anger!

How can they be so crude and crass? Figure it – they even say they like my ass and fur

that covers all of me ... the beast – their Minotaur. The women call it art ... least of all , it does not look like me! They draw every crease and crevice ... and do of me what they please.

I start to shrink – the atelier's cold ...
I think, maybe it's because I now feel old.
What now ... volume ... space? Do I still fit the mold?
Am I still worth my weight in gold?

The seven sisters stare at me ... here surround ... each one a mortal sin ... fear not! They say as I step down to pee ... bare to their touch ... let's watch ... is all I hear.

I am trapped. It makes me laugh. Pray tell
me, is this *pas un cauchemar* ... an earthly hell
the sirens beckon ... they draw me deeply. The sell?
I am wrapped in Sargasso's kelp ... the knell

Tolls for me – let's watch, let's ... I let them be.

Female artists love male models ... see ...

It is said of them each is a genius ... me?

I see them as little girls adrift at sea.

I close my eyes. It is my next meal

I see ... drip ... drip ... and then a squeal

as I christen the moment and swing like a wheel. their Minotaur is mortal – he is not real!

Such times they do not concentrate, they
wet their panties for my worth, way
far away from conscious thought, their nipples bray
she asses ... Brick-a-Braque, little women. So each pray

for another issuance this day, something more golden than the sun ... like Jupiter and his Danae, for their creeks are dry, and I am young. So more?

Am I a male concubine ... their artful whore?

The Carols, the Anns, the Duffers ... possess they me on their canvas? They dip their brushes repeatedly in my paints ... little women ... can't you see you've not the heart for arts, say I, tell

them I make my living as best I can, from day ... to day ... to day. Why when I set my head down at night, should I bend to seven sisters ... one for each gold band,

each day, each sin. Here's where I can begin being the unfair sex, and make a life away from such din of ohs ... and ahs ... how best I can ... A pin pushed upon old hard cushions. And who doth win

this game? I have no choice ... it is my fate to swivel up and die. I am just plum cake at afternoon tea. A sticky-wicket ... baked ... my crusts have been pared off. But wait

my smile confuses them ... sends them in a tizzy, these artists with their brushes and their breasts. Please do not take yourselves too serious. I am your tease, but go back to painting flowers and being busy bees.

And I will fill my long, lonely nights with wine and song. Other women will see me as fine art. I will feast on sticky bins, dark coffee, and kind hearts in the early morning light. My life is all mine!

Toss me my pants, my sweater and my socks ...
turn round while I dress. You're all on the rocks.
Give me my due; what's owed to me... forget about my cock.
Don't look at me that way. Today's the day I walk.

Her Heavy Metal Casket

I met her only once. It was real heavy metal music ... and the party it was loud, crowded, dark.

I was half-stoned, my angel
was too ... tall ... peroxide, she
had sparkling green eyes. Couldn't be
more that eighteen at that. Crazy
with lust and life. It was knarly
her narcissism. She hardly
wore anything. Psychodel ...
is us ... it was! ... but she popped pills,
blue ones, green ones, red ones too!

... And she pouted at me for not joining her. but I was high enough with life.

I grabbed her breast, and made my move, but she pushed me away ... she was too high for love!

What could I do but keep my feet on the earth.

The loudness wore me out, so did her mad mirth until in the early hours of the morn she came crashing down ... her ...

and her bag of blues, and greens and reds ...

I held her close... but gone was her warmth and sparkle.

I did see her breasts ... while they tried to resuscitate her. beautiful they were ...

... now only touched by the mortician as he laid her into her heavy metal casket.

Don't Forget the Wine ...

Come visit me any time.

Don't forget the wine ...

and the caviar, *en plus*.

We'll drink together ...
to savor life in a hot bath
and let the crumbs splash.

The End of My Innocence

Everything seems so crisp and clear as I sit and watch the sea grass sway in the afternoon breeze. Above I hear the passage of birds made of steel – away they fly! The beach sand glistens in the sun – it sparkles in fact, bringing clarity to my thoughts. Every grain represents an idea, some bright and better than other thoughts ... by now I should be able to decide, bottom or top? – submit to the light or let it dominate you. The wind will whistle – the other shoe will drop, the matter will seem less clear – what to do? Does free will exist, or are matters preordained? Then the grass begins to sway a new, and here I am in the here and now. The tingle returns, it throbs, can I say no to her? She sits pretty. Min is the end of my innocence. The tree above me is covered in moss. The clouds drift by as if to mock is their reason ... a ship passes leaving the port behind ... loss is not what I fear. It is the unknown. It's the treason to my long held view, that I am a truly free man.

A Floating City in the Sky

The happy Empress Min, she watches the setting sun, her hair blowing in the wind. The fall of dusk had begun.

The western sky is pink, and purple, and orange too, as the sun begins to sink behind the mountain tops. Soon

her sky will fill with stars, but not before the clouds float above her earth, bars of pillowed softness, proud

reminders that this place is set beneath the heavens, far from the twinkling stars, this oasis of earthly paradise.

A majestic cloud billows there, a floating city in the sky. She imagines then without a care, that in her dreams, bye the bye ... She soon will too be sitting way up there looking down from her floating city at us set fast on the ground.

We will be looking up at her and see her beautiful breasts, the nape of her lovely neck, soft fur *sa source de vie*, and all the rest.

And say of her that no
Empress is better bound
to heaven then Min, who
in her softness is found

the feminine, the silk folds, the pink petals, the ecstasy of love and of life ... behold all that draws her beauty.

Then the sun sets, the sky darkens, the stars appear, she smiles. She knows why it is that she is so happy ...

Walking Primates

Oh, time marches on
I know we live but few years,
and fewer still young.

At length we all find a way through our complex lives, simple thoughts to live by.

We believe we grow up, the silly philosophies we choose keep us childlike,

we're just too smug to see our self for what we are – walking primates,

We should have stayed up in the trees where we belong. swinging happily!

Monkey see, monkey do – small wonder we still like Bananas ... hah!

Love is Like a Tender Flower

Love is like a tender flower that sits quietly as it awaits the morning sun.

It is something majestic like a tower that beckons us to climb up to heaven to leave behind our mortal sins, and think of angels and godly things.

It is a flower, soft and pink

Sometimes fragrant,

sometimes sullen —

but always waiting for warmth.

Love are words, spoke soft
To someone dear that
Echo deep within their
Soul, and speak of
Timeless truths ...

About happiness and longing, about beauty and the sublime ... about strawberries and champagne.

It is dark chocolate smothered
In vanilla, covered in
Crushed hazelnuts and
Cinnamon pixie dust.

And when the flowers are warm to touch ... true love has arrived.

It Came And Silently Crept

While we quietly slept, it came and silently crept upon us. We did not hear its arrival – its fall. I fear my day has come to a stop, and so back into bed I flop.

Were I a child, free to play then I could enjoy this day, throw snowballs, and snowmen make or if a girl – snow angels. But I take the bus to work – if it can trudge up the hill ... damn.

Maybe I should call and say
with the snow and all, there is no way
for me to get down there,
and stay in bed, without a care
here on this white mountain top.

And hope the snow ... it does not stop!

She Was Happy to Wait Awhile, Yet

She stood there, a blank canvas

In her simple blouse and black jeans
at the precipice of it all. She was unaware.

She had no care. Everything was simple.

But as I admired her
I could see the beauty of her
not so well hidden away
and soon to be seen. It was like
standing before a basket of
ripening fruit, of pears, figs and apricots
knowing that soon there will be a day
when the fruit would be sweet and
succulent – ready to be enjoyed.

Oh ... would I be the one
To draw, to paint, to sculpt her
To bite into that fruit and
Savour the taste of it, its touch,
Its feel and have its nectar
Run down my chin. Were I ...

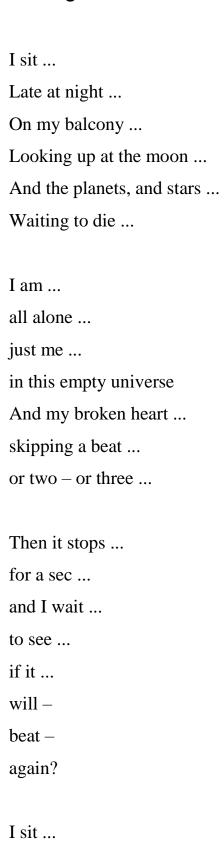
To kiss its softness and watch
The blush of it all, and know
That she too enjoyed the orchard

Of life, the basket and the fruit ...

Its love and happiness ...

She stood there, a blank canvas and smiled. She was happy to wait awhile, yet ...

Waiting to Live.



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late at night ...
all alone ...
on my balcony ...
waiting to live ...
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Saying to God ...
if you want me ...
then just take me ...
this suspense ...
is killing me!

But God ...
does not ...
want me ...
not just ...
yet!

Then it stops again ... for a second longer ... perhaps it is not good to temper faith but I am still here!

I hear the flutter ...
of angel wings ...
or perhaps it is ...
just the wind ...

or maybe it is Gabriel standing watch over me?

I Need Something More in Life

It is just that way —

I have nothing to do today.

So I stay in bed to remind myself how tired I am of life!

The many people I know are not friends – they are just people I know. Soon I forget them, and their names too.

Later I may drift into town and walk aimlessly around hoping that I am not invisible – but I am invisible, you see!

Being kind to others means you get taken for granted.

They expect to take from you, and take ,,, and tire you out.

Maybe it is best I get a pet

– a parakeet or a goldfish
to talk to. A dog to walk,
or a cat to pet that purrs ...

At least they will not run

off – the first chance they get.

Well maybe not a pussy, they

like being stroked and spoiled.

If I get a pet then I have to stay too close to home.

I need something more in life.
Is it just that way?

When I go to town I become just one of them ... drifting aimlessly around. No one wants me as a pet or play thing!

Just like me, alone and invisible

Maybe I should stay in bed
because I am tired of life,
close my eyes to dream of something else!

And I Am There In Mind

The paint brush touched the horizon with its aqua, its marine, its pinks and blues, as the sun sank behind the imagined end of the day. Night crept up into the sky in wisps of cloud and wind that drew us to the west and Venus beckoning our dreams of the night to come. Soon the light in the sky will be extinguished – the whirl of life wound down. Soon we will be alone in our thoughts, and what of it? Jupiter ... it peers down at us, then a million speckles of flickering night reminds us of our insignificance. The heavens laugh at us, mocks our own mortality. Each speck hosts a world at least, each world with molecules like our own. And somewhere in the sky someone is looking up at us and is thinking about their significance – the brushes that paint their skies, amidst their night with flickering reminders of what it is to be born, to grow, to live, to love, to procreate and to grow old.

Death is not thought about — only life, and words to express a moment, shared across the expanses of space and of time.

Each speckle hosts a world and I am here in mind.

In a Mirror of Conscious Choice

We are all faced with the infinite possibilities of perception – both outside and within. Of representing and interpreting the universe that surrounds us and that's inside us too – to paint our own reality – to reflect everything in a mirror of conscious choice

Some Thoughts of a Wise Philosopher

A little learning ...
is a dangerous thing!

At an intersection on the road of life – look both ways.

Remember the young boy who asked his mother at what age do we get free from love's temptation? I don't know she answered ... go ask your father.

Remember the young girl who asked her father – How come the cats always catch and devour the boy birds? I don't know he answered ... go ask your mother.

If we are what we eat and we love turkey ... what does that make us?

Why did the chicken not cross the road? it was chicken ... silly?

Knock Knock ...
... the door's open, come in!

There's a new card game in Washington ...

The trouble is no one knows the rules, and all the cards are wild!

Life is a grand game ...
where the person
with the most friends
at the end ...
wins!

Is this an outburst of your wit? Or are you just being an idiot?

An Angry Ant

An angry ant with an appetite avidly ate all my applesauce.

A Blind Bat

A blind bat boldly balanced beneath the bridge balcony in broad daylight.

A Crazy Cat

A crazy cat
clawed constantly
at Constance's
cream-coloured couch.

A Daft Dog

A daft dog
dogged and darted
from the dogcatcher
diligently doing
his difficult duty.

An Enormous Elephant

An enormous elephant,
with equally enormous ears
enthusiastically entered the
Euphrates estuary
to enjoy the exquisite evening.

A Falling Feather

A falling feather fluttered to and fro as it floated to the firmament far, far below

A Greedy Goldfish

A Greedy Goldfish amongst the gathering group gobbled up all the goldfish gruel.

The Haughty Hen

The haughty hen held her head oh so High.
Heddy was her handle.*

^{*} a synonym for name

In Iceland I See

In Iceland I see

in all directions

lots of icy seas.

Incredible isn't it!

In January Jam

In January, jam made from juicy junipers is just so enjoyable.

The Unkindly Kid

The unkindly kid

In a conniption

kicked the clock

Knocking it over

Klang, kibble, klang

... it toppled.

The Letter L

The Letter L
lies languishing
lost inside
the letters of
the alphabet
alone betwixt the

k's and m's

The Mean Monster

The mean monster
meant to hide in
the midst of the mist,
but the mammoth moth
managed to cast
a massive shadow
in the candle light.

The Naughty Gnat

The naughty gnat
named Norman
knew not to get caught
as he nibbled on the
nice anemones.

The Old Ostrich

The old ostrich
out in the hot sun
ought to know better
than to stand and stick
its old cranium
in the hot sand.
Oh la, la!

The Poor Piggy

The poor piggy
was so portly
her tummy pocked
into the pesky pebbles
in her pig pen.
Puggled she was!

The Quadratic Queen

The quadratic queen calculated the quadrupicity of the quadratic equation quickly, quietly and quite quintessentially.

The Romantic Romeo

The romantic Romeo really rehearsed his role well, all except the most remarkable part, his not so riveting balcony romance with his revered Juliet

The Singing Starlings

The small singing starlings were startled by the snarl.
Poor startled singing starlings!

The Terrifying Tiger

The terrifying tiger
with her sharp teeth
was the terror of
the tropical highlands
of Thailand

The Ubiquitous Letter U

The ubiquitous letter U can be found in numerous words umbrella, unicorn, ultimatum and understandably in the utterance 'Ugglesome,' utterly and gruesome!

The Vagarious Vagabond

The vagarious vagabond came from Vannatu
She was vainglorious
She wore a vampish
veil in vermillion,
from head to tail,
and versed her way
in the vernacular.

The Wild Wolf

The wild wolf

was worried

he would be

The Xanthippe from Xanadu

The Xanthippe from Xanadu
was an exotic xenophile.
She mounted a xanthochroic xoanon
in an exquisite xystus in her
extravagant villa.

Yass, The Yak

Yass, the yak stood all by herself. talking yabber, as she trudged across the Mongolian plain.

Yakka, yakka, yakka, yackety-yak, yak!

A Zealous Zebra

A Zealous Zebra
felt the zeiteber of
the zebranos and
sang soprano
amidst the zebroid trees.

The zeitgeist of the zig-zag added zingy zest.

